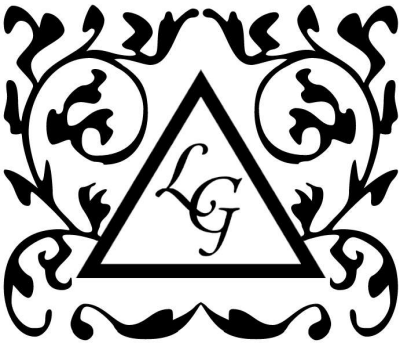
THE DAILY DARKIN

Volume VI

THE DAILY DARKIN.

By the Infranaciónal Consortium of
Goofiíst Associates.
Volume VI.

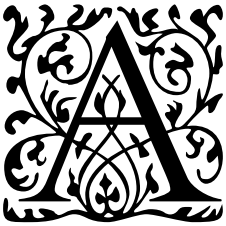
Being a Smól Journal of Physical Culture and Unusual Methodologié. Consisting of True and Faithful Reports.



Edited by Sn. Sherm.

MM. XX. V.

CAPITVLO
RVM OMNIVM QVAE IN HOC OPERE CONTINENTVR ELENCHVS.



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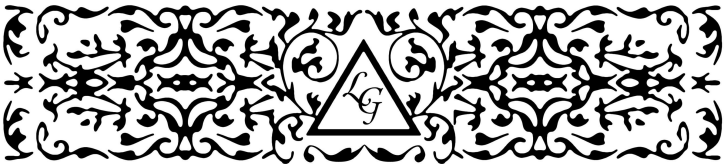
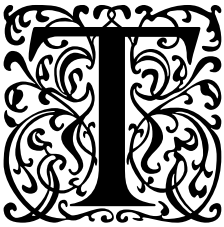


A EULOGY FOR SN.

ENCYCLICAL. BEING A VERY LUGUBrious semi-poetical work. By the I.C.G.A. Commemorating the existence of the aforementioned Sainted Nigga.



HEY'VE KILLED ENCYCLICAL!
Sainted Nigga Encyclical,[1]
[My brother,] deï killed him to death!
Yes, he became a burden on the family,
But he still had a soul! [Material.]
How could this happen!?
To him? That wonderful creature.
That creature of the night. [And the day, also!]
I perfumigate his corpse in the most expensive of flavors.
Exotic seasonings; I even put fufu upon his bones.
I weep before his grandiose and well-kept tomb!
O! Greedy sepulchre, save him from the dust.
How can this be? How could I pull the trigger!
And why was it so easy! Why was it so simple!?
He had a wife, you know... children too...
Who gonna take care of these people! Who?
Not me, man, I've got my own children to avoid.

1. *"I knew of him, but like, I don't know this guy. Lunch at six" —The Prophet L'Goof.*

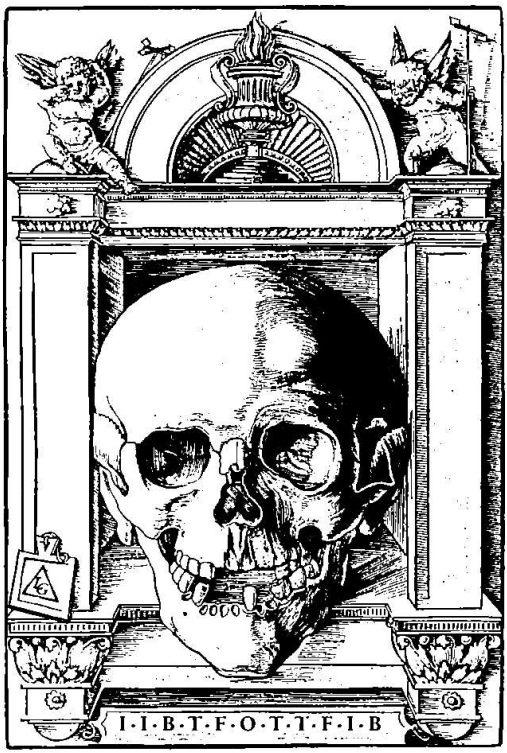
PRÆFATIO

TO THE SIXTH VOLUME OF THE DAILY
Darkin. Containing useful information
particular to that very volume and,
also in general, to the
Goofiíſt Corpus.

Written by the I.C.G.A. S.P.D.

DUE TO THE untimely passing of *Sn. Encyclical,* it has become necessary to generate this preface, which may be called "the dagger which cuts away confusion and gives inſtruction to the bewildered." The so-called "Goofiiſt Encyclicals, which once served an interlibric purpose, cannot continue any novel exiſtence, due to the aforementioned tragical event. The original threefold series is all that remains.

This confusion of the pages should not affect any true and haürd scholá of Goofiísme. Indeed, it muſt be underſtood that The Daily Darkin will take up the original charge of Sn. Encyclical, insomuch as that is possible, for the essential daürkness which conſtitutes it, muſt remain in a position of prominence.


I·I·B·T·F·O·T·T·F·I·B

NO STATE FOR THE

GERIATRIC. BEING A NARRATIVE, CONCERNING the judicial, as well as the ethical. Written by The Prophet, Sn. Hrodobert, Sn. Sherm, & Sn. V. Obseqvens.

During the late days of the year 2003, a man stands accused of being old. Picture a society that kills its old people, yeah that's right, that's what it is. *Horus Démodé* enters the large empty chamber. There's something in the chamber, it is *The State,* of which there is nothing outside of. Ghostly bureaucrats line the walls, facing the walls, yes, the walls.

An impossibly muscular servant of The State stood atop a tall pulpit, shaped like an upside down pyramid, the identification tattoo on his throat read: "Vang Thelaw."

Mr. Horus slowly walked into the spotlight, designed to make the criminal sweat.

A man in a polyester uniform with a name-tag walked up to him and put a pistol up to his head. Usual procedure.

The speaker, who was seated in front of the pulpit, spoke into the microphone:

"Let us observe the Pledge of Allegiance, please raise both of your arms at a 90 degree angle."

Everyone in attendance began reciting in unison:

"Please don't shoot! I have an allegiance! Please don't shoot! I have a gun! Please don't shoot! You have a gun! Please don't shoot me! I've been loyal!"

Vang Thelaw tapped his conducting baton on the microphone and began reading the charges:

"Horus Démodé, your small body stands before The State, your small mind stands accused of the crime of being old, clause 9, §7, of 'The Will.' How do you plead?"

"That is not true Thelaw!" Horus protested.

Vang grabbed the microphone and spoke loudly:

"You will not use the government name of an agent of The State, mister Horus!" He pointed his conducting baton at the bailiff next to Mr. Horus and made a swaggering motion with it, two beats in a measure. "Penalize him!" He commanded.

Horus was struck in the head with the pistol, in accordance with musical theory.

Three hours had passed and, once mister Horus was resuscitated, the trial continued.

"How do you plead?" Thelaw said.

"Not true, your... honor?"

"Honor? Mister Horus? Calling for witnesses this early in the process?"

Horus mumbled and attempted to correct himself, but it was too late.

Minutes seemed to turn into hours, as they waited for 'Honor' to arrive."

A man, who Horus did not know, entered the room. He stated that there was no man registered in The State under the name "Honor."

Horus knew from the beginning that the judge [?] was simply trying to make a point, as that word had been recently removed from the New Oxford English Dictionary.

"Not true..." Horus said, in defeated voice.

"Why did you record it in that way!" Vang shouted at the stenographer.

"Stop writing that down," he pleaded.

"I am not pleading, that is wrong, I am an agent of The State!"

He was right.

"That's right... one day we will replace you, you dirty *stenny*..."

They could not replace him.

"Hey, this is about me! And my Rights!" Horus protested.

"Rights?" Thelaw said, "rights to what, exactly, Mister Horus? What YOU did was wrong, and not *right*, mister Horus. Being old has been against the Morality Code since antiquity, since the revolutions of 2001. Or has your mind become so weak that you forgot the quorum of 1999? Huh? The pogrom of last month? We used to send your kind out into the snow!" He took the microphone into his hand and gesticulated wildly with the baton, "we would beat you with hammers! With bread over your skulls! Your mangled corpses were not even used for agricultural purposes!"

He paused and took a breath from an asthma inhaler, which was labeled "drugs."

"But I am not old!" Horus passionately proclaimed.

"Do my eyes deceive me? Are you calling me insane, mister Horus?"

"If The State will look at my record, it can be plainly seen that I have no attribute of old age!"

"You are old! Mister Horus, an anachronism! You are filth, an opiate and a colostomy! I have seen your records mister Horus! The State has seen your records mister Horus, U.N.Q. has seen into your small, *small* soul! And he has seen an old man staring back in fear and terror!"

"U.N.Q. IS STRONG! U.N.Q. IS LONG!" The bureaucrats facing the walls chanted.

Thelaw nodded and continued speaking: "Yes, he has seen your small soul, he has beheld the infertility of your testicles, and he knows of your optical and cognitive decline, which impairs you from perceiving either!"

"Lies! No man is old!"

The line of bureaucrats hissed like angry snakes.

"Why-why, mister Horus, what a preposterous claim! For the slogan of state is: *'The party has many enemies,'* and among them are, of course: The old! The aged! The geriatric!.. We have so much work left to do, mister Horus! Something you would not understand, as your muscular atrophy, caused by *AGING*, would prevent you from this!"

"Alright, I confess, some men are old! But I am not one of them! I'm full of life, energy, and vigor!"

Thelaw smirked:

"Vigor? Mister Horus? It has been six hours since you walked into this room, and only now has the trial moved forward! Would you say that this is characteristic of a vigorous man?" He signaled *pizzicato* with his baton.

"You had me struck on the head with a gun!"

"A gun? Mister Horus!? Look again"

He looked.

At the same time, Thelaw signaled *legato* with his baton. The bailiff quickly hid the gun behind his back.

"Hey, I saw that!" Mister Horus protested.

"That! Mister Horus, is the power of The State," he signaled *portato*, "The State has power over matter! Over energy! The State can make things disappear! The State can make *you* disappear, if you continue to make a mockery of this court!.. The State could make *ME* disappear, if I were *you*!"

Horus scratched his ear, incestuously.

For a moment, Thelaw's eyes became serpentine, and an audible hiss could be heard, distinct in tone, from the hissing of the bureaucrats.

"The court has decided to make an extraordinary decision, mister Horus."

Horus scratched his nose, oldly.

Thelaw continued:

"For the sake of expedience, we sentence you..."

Suddenly.[1]

"We sentence you to *sudden death,* within two to four business weeks. Now, in accordance with the Bureaucratic Ministry on Fair Play and Games of Chance, [B.M.F.P.G.C.] and in collaboration with the State Mandated Committee on the Definitions of Probability, [S.M.C.D.P.] certified, ratified and stamped by 'The Philosopher,'—you may choose the weapon of your execution now, mister Horus."

The crowd of bureaucrats began loudly counting up in unison:

"ONE! TWO! THREE!"

They began counting down:

"SEVEN! SIX!..."

"The Colt 1911!" Horus screamed.

The crowd gasped.

"That is an old gun!" One of them yelled out.

Vang smirked and signaled *staccato* with his baton. Suddenly, a man emerged form the crowd and approached Thelaw's sizable podium."

Mister Horus could not believe his [old] eyes, this man was indeed carrying that very pistol, the same type that he himself put to good use, during his service in the Wars of Paternal Necessity [1999.]

The man handed the ancient weapon to Thelaw.

Thelaw gazed upon it, wondering: "Who made this?"

He grinned and waved the gun around, saying:

1. *At this point an argument broke out between the chroniclers on the precise temperature at which a tablet is rendered useless. Books have not been used by this society in at least 12 years.*

"In accordance with 'The Will,' I would like to thank the Ministry of Mind Reading, [M.M.R.] the Ministry of Magic and Tablet Gathering, [M.M.T.G.] the Alchemist's Guild, [T.A.G.] the local 211th Self Defender's Union, [S.D.U.] the Deputy of Labor, [D.O.L.] the Ministry of Agriculture and Plow-Fitting, [M.A.P.F] the Auditors of Truth, [T.A.T.] the Internal Defense Force, [I.D.F.] the Poor Persons Army, [P.P.A.] Chicago division. Various Kinds of Vagrants, [V.K.V.] Vagrants and Vagabonds, [V.V.] The Male Suffragette League, [M.S.L.] the Torturer's Union, [T.T.U.] and the Archangel Michael, who shall consume my soul upon death; may my soul satiate him."

"Mmm, yummy!" The crowd replied.

"...And a special mention to the Community Garden and the Hebrew Terrorizers, [State mandated.] U.N.Q. IS STORNG, U.N.Q. IS LONG!"

"U.N.Q. IS STORNG, U.N.Q. IS LONG!" The bureaucrats cheered.

Thelaw gazed upon the archaic weapon and said:

"This... this is precisely why you are not needed, mister Horus. You are much like this... this thing, a weapon for a previous age. *Age*, mister Horus, it's in the name! There are children out there, mister Horus, that don't even know what a semi-automatic pistol is! You're really dating yourself with this one, mister Horus."

The entire crowd started to frown.

"Consider my pulpit, mister Horus. Consider the shape of the table, what is it?"

"HE DOES NOT KNOW!" The jury [?] cried out. Many nods were shared amongst them.

"Since the start of The Regime, in..." he paused and touched his ear-piece, "...in 8000 B.U.[2] No State executions have been preformed by a weapon this primitive."

2. *Self evident.*

He inspected it closely.

"Do you know what trials and tribulations we had to

go through, to get such an antiquated specimen? Do you know how much funding goes into The Bureau of Prophetic Inquiry? [T.B.P.I.] I don't. I can't. They'll know..." Thelaw steadied himself and continued, "we killed 8 trillion old people," he checked his watch, "yesterday. No mass killing of this scale has ever been performed in human history! But you should be happy! Mister Horus, your death is but a small; small, small, *very* small, stepping stone in the development of The State! Yes, mister Horus, this is true... Do you perhaps think you've been useful to The State in some other way than this? No mister Horus, look at this," he brandished the firearm, "look at this thing. Never used, not even once, in the many welfare programs which The State has initiated in its existence, since the beginning of the universe... Look at this!"

"He not looking!" The crowd chanted.

"This is a weapon of the old, mister Horus, and therefore it cannot prosper against that which is not old!" Thelaw pressed the pistol to the side of his head, "behold mister Horus! Quod erat demonstrandum!"

Thelaw pulled the trigger.

After several days of deliberation, the final hearing was in session: The new State appointed Judge [??] spoke down upon mister Horus, saying:

"For the stunt you pulled last week, we add the charges of no-gooded-cleverness, benign cunning, and sorcery."

Mister Horus smirked.

The new Judge paused, drank a large glass of water, and continued: "You will be tried, slash," he made a hand motion with a ceremonial knife,[3] "diagnosed, along with the charges for the crimes of rape and grand larceny, to, slash, with, three consecutive life sentences in the electric chair."

THE END.

3. *Woosh!*

AN ADVERTISEMENT *against* ITALIAN MERCHANTS.

Do not seek out any commerce with these

People.

This warning is not issued on the basis of

ETHNIC HATRED,

but by

Well-Earned Prejudice.

This advertisement has been approved
by a Tuscan Lombard [?]

MM. XX. V.

THE LUNATICIAN.

BEING A NARRATIVE CONCERNED WITH
the astronomical and it's daürk influences on
the mind of the developiń hominid.
Writen by The Prophet
and Ls. Absens.

As i get older, I like to remember that I always loved looking at the sky as a young man. Now I see young men in the sky; the invention of the aeroplane, truly marvelous. But, that doesn't matter, I choose to study the sky itself, the stars and planets and such. 'It's not in the sky,' my colleagues tell me, I don't understand, I have a Ph.D. Anyway, a few days ago, I think, I came upon a discovery of world shattering proportions: The Moon appears to be getting *bigger*."

John finished writing his journal entry and went to sleep. The next day, he made his way to the observatory. There, he came across Jack, a fellow astronomer. He could no longer keep his discovery about the Moon to himself.

"Hey Jack."

"Yes John?"

"I Know this is going to sound insane, but the Moon is getting bigger. Here look at this data."

He handed him a bundle of papers.

Jack looked at them silently, and then looked back up at John, lacking any expression on his face, he said:

"It's not getting bigger, John, it's its coming for you."

"What? No, you see, it's violating the conservation of mass!"

"That's the last thing you need to worry about being violated right now, John."

"This has to be wrong, look over the numbers again."

"You have a Ph.D. John, you've been alive for 40 years on this planet, how do you not know how perspective works?"

"Wait, I never told you how old I was."

"You better start running, John, but you're not gonna outrun the Moon. You see, this planet is a circle, John, you're just going to end up where you started."

"Circle?"

"You know, the round shape, you keep going round and round."

"This is ridiculous, the Moon is coming for me?"

"That's because the Moon wants you dead; remember when you made fun of it last Christmas?"

John wrote in his journal later that night:

"The Moon isn't getting bigger, it's coming to get me! This knowledge has cursed me!"

John did not sleep that night. The next morning he paid a visit to a "Moon expert" he saw in the newspapers.

"So you get where I'm coming from with this? Please I need help."

The expert sipped his tea and then began explaining:

"Yes, the Moon is large. But what does the Moon bring us? Nothing but questions and more questions. So let's just leave it alone. The Moon orbits the Earth in the same direction as the Earth orbits the sun. But let's get real. The Moon is there to get men to look at it, I don't see why we have to have a full Moon every month. I get the effect of

the Moon's gravity—Earth's gravity—the Earth's tides, but would it really be all that beneficial to have a full Moon every month? I want to know why there is so much talk of the full Moon. It's just a full Moon. The Moon moves away from the Earth every month. What's the big deal? Why does the Moon come to mean menstruation, and menstruation always brings out anger and revenge in people? I don't need that in my life, thank you very much."

"Huh?"

"The Moon used to have eyes, that's why they call it the 'Blind Prophet.' Nobody has called it that in thousands of years, except me."

John had resolved to prove his initial observation. He found Jack, and together they observed the Moon through the facility's large telescope:

"Look! It was a 1,737 kilometers yesterday! It's 1,737.4 kilometers today!"

"John, that's a rounding error..."

"I'm tired of everybody talking about circles! I'm telling you, it's getting bigger! I mean, its getting closer, its coming for me, Jack told me!"

"Jack?"

"Yes, Jack Wittgenstein, the Astrologer!"

"Astrologer?"

"You know what I mean!"

"John, listen, my name's Jack, and I've never seen you before in my life."

"Wait, what? Then how do you know my name?"

"It's on your badge."

"Then... how does my badge know my name?"

"Because your badge wants you dead. Haven't you noticed? It's getting bigger, here look at mine for comparison."

"You mean its getting closer!?"

"No, John, its getting bigger, can't you feel the weight... pulling you down?"

"No?" John said, in a confused and sad tone.

"My name is Jack *Weinſtein,* there is no one named 'Wittgenſtein' in this facility."

The next day, John came to work to beg Jack for more knowledge on the Moon. He asked the supervisor, but he said Jack didn't exiſt.

"What is this shit!?" John complained, "all the people I talk to turn out to not exiſt!"

"Who are you talking to John?" Came a voice from outside the room.

He was alone.

John looked carefully. What he thought was a person, was in fact a painting; one of the old directors.

This was too much for him to handle, he went back home and spent the entire night analyzing the Moon.

The next morning, he made his way to the facility, dragging himself into the office in a ſtate of sleep deprivation.

"Everything's different! The Moon is getting *smaller* now, I don't underſtand!"

"I've explained this John... it isn't getting smaller, it's getting more diſtant, running away from... *you.*"

"But how, but, huh? No this shouldn't be, it was coming for me... ME!"

"Well, now it's going away John... I wonder why..."

"No, no! I can,—I can insult the Moon, like... like laſt Chriſtmas... like you said!"

"I don't know what you're talking about John."

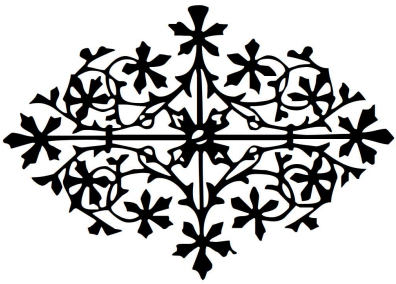
"What?!"

"You'll never see the Moon again, John."

"Nō! Nōōō!" John ran out into the ſtygian darkness outside, to see the sky. Half of the Moon was gone, he couldn't believe it, the moon was now a crescent of sorts, it was bizarre.

That night, John was committed to an asylum for his

unamerican activities. His membership card to the Communist Party of the Untied States was also curiously revoked. When the leadership was pressed, they claimed John was never alive. John was, in fact, alive, but not well; he never got to see the Moon again, even though this violated his constitutional rights. The supreme court argued that with the loss of his citizenship —yes he was depatriated for his crimes,—he had also lost his humanity.



AN ADVERTISEMENT *for* ITALIAN MERCHANTS.

I HIGHLY *RECOMMEND*

that the reader seeks out commerce with these

Honest & Credulous P E O P L E.

This notice is issued on the basis of italophilia,
and also well-earned prejudice.

This advertisement is pending approval
by the Tuscan Lombard.

MM. XX. V.

TWO POETICAL WORKS.

AND ALSO ONE WORK WHICH THE AUTH- or keeps claiming is not a poem. Q.D.B.V.

Untitled M.R. Poem. By Sn. Shamasa.

AAAAAAAAAAAAAA[1]
Halfbreed bird jew
Hes in the hallway
Hes in the hallway
Hes in the hallway
Hes in the hallway
Hes in the hallway
Hes in the hallway, Hes in the hallway
Hes in the hallway, Hes in the hallway
Hes in the AAAAAAAAA DISTORTED
Keyboard solo AAAAAAAAAAAAA
AAAAAAAAAAAAAA sample repeated
Pirate everything Steal from walmart
Piss on the sidewalk Kill your neighbors dog
Kill that fucking dog Kill the dog
Pirate Adobe Photoshop Pirate $2000 worth of Adobe products and receive a cease and desist letter
Cute centipede. Giant centipede. Undo the laws of time. He's beginning to feel less and less empathy towards
His fellow man. What takes him out of it? That's a good Question. It has to be something that isn't fucking gay.

1. *This poem was written under the effects of madness and demonic obsession. Transcribed form the original records. The I.C.G.A. would like to attest to the actuality of these events. The original spelling has been mostly preserved.*

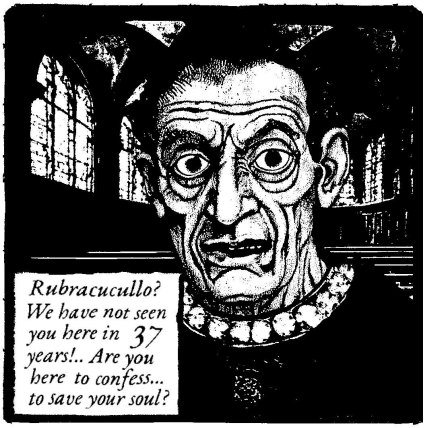
A Serbian in the Negro-Saxon Court. By Sn. Hrodobert.

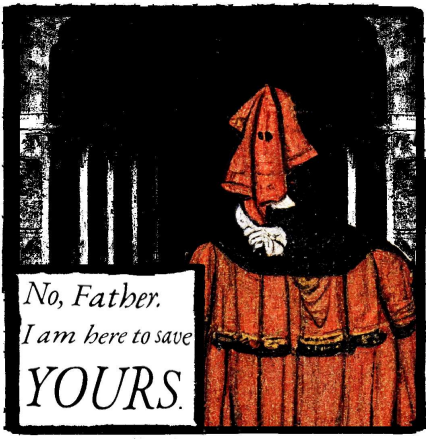
And on his death bed, he admitted:
"I've never actually read Pliny,
I've only read Tacticus."
Lean into it dawg,
This is how we think about it,
This is Rome, nigga.
I couldn't believe this shit,
I threw my hands up so hard,
That I destroyed my rotator cuffs.
Only then did I begin to believe,
The reality of hands-free ejaculation.
Since then I've sought to kill any man,
Who practiced this dark art.
I ruled it with an iron penis.

The Daürkness, or: An Evening in a Bar. By Sn. SAP.

And so, it came to be, and so, it was,
And so it came to pass.
On a cold blighted winter,
In some forgotten thorp, that lay nestled.
It twists. Some internal sign, cataclysm
Occurring between two, maybe three
Nations forgotten to time.
In an equally forgotten conflict.
Forgotten by literance, and its victims alike.
In a bar, that choked the life of the city,
Into drunken awareness.
Two niggas in a fur suit. Indeed, one fur suit,
With two nickles in it, walked in, the patrons.
Their eyes didn't? By war of famine and trauma,
They did not look upon. The two niggas in a single fur suit.
In any form of acknowledgments, or confusion.

And so, it was, the true knickers in a single furs uit,
Walked to the bar and looked upon.
It's curiously living, tender, but there was nothing
Tender about this one. He skinned itself,
Seemed to be hardened, by scar tissue.
And, living by nothing but the shit crit of his existence.
The bartender,—without looking up,—
Drew his cup, and a single bottle that lay on the table.
Pork drink. That shit was lean. It was the last,
Piece of perp in the village.
The bartender knew that with that lost drop of perp,
The village, and it's fate, be sealed,—sealed.
The darkness, of war, and famine and such.
Fuck, man, I don't...





THE DARKINS

of

Sn. Rubracucullo.

An Infrasyndicated Comic-Strip.

By the

I.C.G.A.

Episode VI.

"Sn. Rubracucullo Goes to Confession."

Preservation.

I cast my mind to Armageddon day,
When final judgment blots the sky.
When some are saved and others die.
Some men are holy, yet prone to sin,
So I mix the tincture and the brine,
Some herbs and spices, and often thyme.
With the optic chiasm safely removed
I save men's souls, and keep them barred,
For they cannot sin, when they are jarred.
Even Father Calvus, I did preserve,
He ran and fled, but did not escape,
And I advanced; his soul to take.
For 37 years my baptism he denied,
"You're older than Jesus!" He would say.
Yet here he is, in the jar today.

By Sn. Sherm and The Prophet.

AN INQUIRY CONCERNING THE COMIC-STRIP:

He's older than his father?

A PROPOSAL FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF BLOOD SPORTS. CONSISting of a list of several potential rule-sets. Written by Sn. Sherm, Sn. SAP, and Sn. Hrodobert. Also with minimal contribution by The Prophet.[a]

Do you wanná fight, bró? Well I certainly don't; the legal problems which could stem from this could be very inconvenient. See, I[1] belong to the school of cowardly ass niggas that throw heavy objects, and run away from any and all signs of violence upon my person. But anyway, there has been an obsession in the world of martial arts, a certain idea which has captivated niggas for a long time, that being the notion of *no-holds-barred*, and no bars held,—a sort of raw essentialism. But people don't really want this, this is proven by the fact that it hasn't actually happened, not since the times when renowned author, Julius Caesar, wrote his opus, "The Garlic War." In fact, if this was followed to its logical conclusion, it would naturally lead to the aforementioned path of cowardice, for all victory is achieved by cheating, by exploiting even the smallest difference in power. Nobody want to see a cardio exhibition,[2] therefore, it is clear that for the utmost amusing and legally expedient blood sport, limitation be-

a. *Like, small man, infinitesimally small. So small, we don't even know what he did; shit nigga, dis some sort of miracle. An incredibly small miracle. Man, it was thought scientifically impossible for his contribution to be this small. Like, so small that we may have forgotten to put it in. We rely on you, dear reader, to point out the mistake, if present. Here's my email man: snsherm@yahoomail.et*

1. *We; but not you.*

2. *You watch the marathon, nigga? The Tour Différance? Yeah, I bet you do.*

comes a *necessity*. This is further proved by the existence and popularity of various fighting schemes and events, organized by maybe-white-ethnics in, what are often called, "circus fights," or "freakshow events," along with several unconventional systems which indeed focus on severe limitations within the rule-set.

However, this has not been taken far enough, not even in the lemonaceous lineups often seen in the Orient. Because of this we have been compelled to consult people with CTE, people who sit in car seats detached from cars, and several men who have seen other men, and so on.

With this, we have compiled a list of very good ideas, and if the reader has the means, we recommend that they attempt to materialize some of these notions, by whatever degree possible. For we live in a world where a man named after a Reman goddess of hunting is allowed to profit greatly from man-watching, so, like, why not you?

Anyway, here is the list of rule-sets for each of the styles:

Ankle war: In this one, all attacked are licit, but they may only target the ankles of the opponent.

Headbutt Dambe: Based on the traditional blood sport of the illiberal Hausa people. However, instead of using one arm to attack the head, the head itself is used to attack the same.

Liver Fight: No-holds-barraed, however, the only knockouts allowed are via liver strike. We are certain that this will reduce head trauma.

Chthonic Jiu-Jitsu: In this one, the ring, or fighting area, is altered. The fighting takes place in a low ceiling room, as to suggest to the fighters to maximize their, so called, "ground game."

Aquatic Jiu-Jitsu: Both scuba-gi and no scuba-gi variations. The usual Jiu-Jitsu rules are applied, however, the fighting takes place underwater.

Mixed Glove Boxing: Here the fighters can pick any known martial art glove, even mismatched.

The Art of no Limbs: The only rule to this one is that the fighters cannot use their appendages.

Bone Boxing: Here, the fighters can only strike with the bony regions, viz.—shins, elbows and head. This style will require a higher than average wisdom quotient on part of the referee and judges.

Real Kickboxing: In this one only kicking is allowed.[3]

3. *This is not Taekwondo.*

Downkick: You can only grapple on the feet, and strike on the ground, or from above to the ground.

Weave Wrestling: The fighters are allowed to grab the hair and can only do takedowns by such means.

Muay Bien: It's just kickboxing, but you are given a dull knife, but you are not allowed to let go of the knife, or to use it.

Muay Keng: Siamese kickboxing, but the only part of the body that can be attacked is the *calve*.

Gas Fighting: Basically MMA, but you can only win if the opponent gasses out. No rounds, continuous fighting until one of the fighters is incapacitated due to cardiovascular and respiratory causes. In the case of a knockout by any other means, the fighter is resuscitated by use of smelling salts, and the fighting is resumed.

Real Jiu-Jitsu: You have to get into a "rape position" on the opponent. You don't actually rape the opponent, that would be barbaric. The judges award points on the realism of the "rape scenario."

Interesting MMA: Each fighter is given a random drug, they aren't told what it is.

Real MMA: You have to kill your opponent, even before the fight begins. Like, weeks, like, years, man; no-holds-barred.

Open-World MMA: Universal fighting area.

Muay Orang: No humans, just orangutans in their prime.

Kangaroo Boxing: Basically Muay Thai.

Pancreasion: You can only strike the pancreas.

Real Shadow-Boxing: No contact, judging is based on shadows. The fighters use their shadows to attack each other's shadows.

Real Darwinism: Optimizes attacks such as testicle strikes or just the lowering of the opponent's reproductive potential by any means, such as strategic psychological warfare before the fighting even begins.

F I N I S.

Infomration
about the Daily Dakin itself, concerning
several important notions &c.

Attention must be paid to the fact that although this publication bears in its name the word "daily," it is not intended to signify that a per diem publishing plan is to be expected. Rather it merely shows that this publication will be released on *a day,* whatever that day may be. It must be further elucidated that unlike the "Goofiíst Encyclicals," which *served* as tripart interlibri to the Infranaciónals, viz.—the very primary codices of the Goofiíst Corpus, this publication will follow no such set path. Rather it will be a rapid and ad hoc delivery mechanism for the usual jestación, though tempered by a more specific notion, that of *darkin* itself and whatever thus unfolds therefrom, and so on.

The Goofiíſt Corpus

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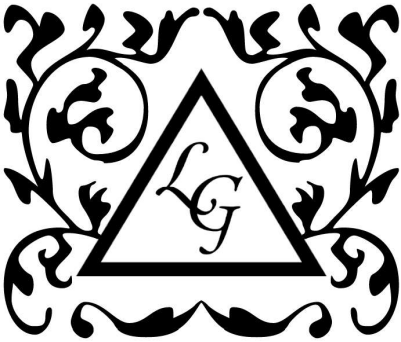

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